

1947

WEDNESDAY
MORNING. 3AM
SIMON &
AIRFUNKEL

PULSE

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IN NEXT ISSUE: A PHOTO ESSAY BY JIM EVANS

EDITORIAL

It has been brought to my attention that a number of our readers, both those right here on SJC campus and others, believe that PULSE is immature and babyish. It seems that the bulk of this criticism is levelled mainly at two columns: Ramblings and the picture story which appears in each issue. For the benefit of those who believe that the PULSE is immature, I wish to state the policy of the PULSE staff. In the meeting of the staff at the beginning of the year, we decided that instead of some of the very serious articles which appeared in previous editions, we would try to make the PULSE a little more light and enjoyable. After all -- what do the majority of the people read in PULSE? I am sure that more people read the so-called "cut" articles and the humorous picture story than read the editorial, and other such serious articles. Certainly if a person wants to read about very serious topics he can pick up any magazine such as Ave Maria or America and get all the serious reading he wants. In this policy to make PULSE more entertaining we do not wish to exclude serious articles.

We believe that serious articles and columns have a definite place in PULSE. I believe that, at the present, PULSE contains an ample amount of serious articles. However, a short story or an essay on a controversial subject is always welcome. It is not my idea, however, that I should assign someone to write a short story or something of that nature. I think that something like this ought to be volunteered. All in all, I believe in the old maxim that you can't please everyone at the same time. I do believe though, that you should strive to please the majority. From the letters which we have received from different priests, major seminarians, etc., and from comments expressed by these people we feel that these picture stories and "cut" articles and other humorous articles which some people call immature are very much enjoyed by the majority of these people. If you agree--or disagree--with this editorial write us.

PULSE

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Tim,

I am sure that congratulations for your Christmas edition of PULSE is superfluous; you will be receiving congratulations from many others. It shows good imagination and represents a lot of hard work. You have shown commendable leadership and organization in keeping a large staff working together and consistently.....

Ad astra per aspera... KAI
ὁμῶς εἰρήνην ἀπὸ
Κυρίου Ἰησοῦ.

Yours in PP.S.
(Rev.) Charles J. Robbins,
C.PP.S.

Dear Ed.,

Congratulations on your last editorial; it was certainly a timely and thought-provoking examination for some of us. The effects of your editorial on "sleeping-in" were not evident immediately, but the retreat supplied a positive endorsement of your thinking. Much

praise should be given to those who are sincerely trying to overcome a habit, which was begun early in the year. Their efforts are noticeable, and I think sincere praise is due to each and every one of them.

Mike Smith

P.S.- Thanks to Bro. Norbert who also showed interest and concern in our problem.

Dear Editor,

I think the PULSE this year is great! PULSE presents the news in an enjoyable reading manner. The feature article always proves interesting. The pictures add a lot. The "picture report" of the football team in the last issue was tremendous.

Jim Ballmann

Dear Editor,

In our extensive plan to revitalize the PULSE one of the outstanding factors has been the current upsurge of photographic work. I believe this is the best place to extend a "nice work" note to our capable photographers, Jim Evans, Russ Groblewski, and Fred Hofstetter. The quality of our stories and articles would certainly diminish if the fine examples of their untiring work were

(cont. p. 20)

FR. ESSER




On June 13, 1898, in Cole Camp, Missouri, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Esser Became The proud parents of a new son. They named him Rufus. (Mary Esser, his mother, is still living at the age of 91)

In 1913, Rufus Esser entered St. Mary's Novitiate at Burkettsville, Ohio. One year later he entered St. Joseph's College. In 1919 he graduated and went back to Ohio. In 1921 he was professed a member of the Society of the Precious Blood. His long-awaited day finally arrived in 1925. He was ordained at St. Charles Seminary.

Father Esser was sent to St. Joes in the fall of that year. His first stay was a short one because, in 1926 he went to Catholic University, where he received an M.A. in Education.

In 1927 Father came back, but this time he was here to stay. During the four years that he has been here he has had many different jobs. He was Librarian, Prefect of Men, Principal of the High School, and Vice-president. (cont. on p.21)





Hoot Mass!

A reflection on the use of modern music in the liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, especially here at Saint Joseph's College.

Just before Christmas I had the privilege to attend a midnight Mass for peace and safe travel. A striking feature of this service was the use of guitars and music in the contemporary idiom to surround the liturgy of Sacrifice. Needless to say, never having attended such a service before, I approached the chapel with trepidation and a slight tinge of fear, mixed with a certain amount of resentment at having the traditional scheme changed. By the time Mass was to begin, the church was absolutely packed. Had these people come for entertainment and a show? Or was there really something to this hootenanny bit?

Things started with the singing of several Christmas carols. The sound of the guitars was startling at first, but soon the twanging faded into the background. The really disarming aspect of the whole thing was the amount of participation! Never have I seen young people so interested in participating at Mass. In the light of the "dead" liturgy experienced on Sunday mornings, this was amazing. And it was not simply the songs either. Many times the argument is given that young people sing at these Masses because the songs use melodies of modern songs with which they are familiar. This was not so that night. The two songs we sang had to be learned just like any other hymn. The difference was that the fellows liked what they were doing, and it had meaning for them. This is the aim of the whole liturgical movement and the real reason for liturgical ceremonies--to express our love and admiration of God and to praise him in

His wonderful goodness. And this "expressing" must have meaning for us if it is to have value.

After it was all over I had time to sit back and review all that had taken place. I came to several questions worth pondering that I will share with you now.

The first point to consider is the place of the hootenanny Mass in our modern Church. Certainly there is a place for such things; this has been shown time and again in the past several years. I hate to see the traditional liturgy go as much as anyone else does. But if modern music is what will bring the students to church in mind as well as in body, then that is what must be.

Another consideration is that change must not be made for its own sake, but rather must have behind it some concrete reason for its implementation. The search for more meaning in the liturgy must be our final goal and our ever-motivating force. We must remember that we are not trying to create a show in that chapel for all to come and see. We are trying to create a showing of our adoration of God for all to come and share in.

Finally, let us remember that it is we, the congregation who make up the liturgy. The liturgical ceremonies are only what we make them. Recall that true worship of God demands wholehearted participation in the liturgy with which we are dealing. The outward trappings--guitar or organ, choir or congregation, chant or swing--are only secondary. In this case, "It's what's inside that counts." Therefore, let us not be disturbed that our liturgy is too modern or not modern enough. If, in our own hearts, we truly know that we are giving God the honor and glory due him by our wholehearted participation, all the rest can be taken care of through the proper channels toward more outward meaning in relation to our inward motives.

B. Basile

The Final Football
HALL OF FAME

-Orris

JAKE

HERBER
MANLEY

Ted's

Labbe

Winkon
Rabbe

The NEW XAVIER
BASKETBALL
HALL OF FAME

Hake
Wise

T. ALBERS

Virgil

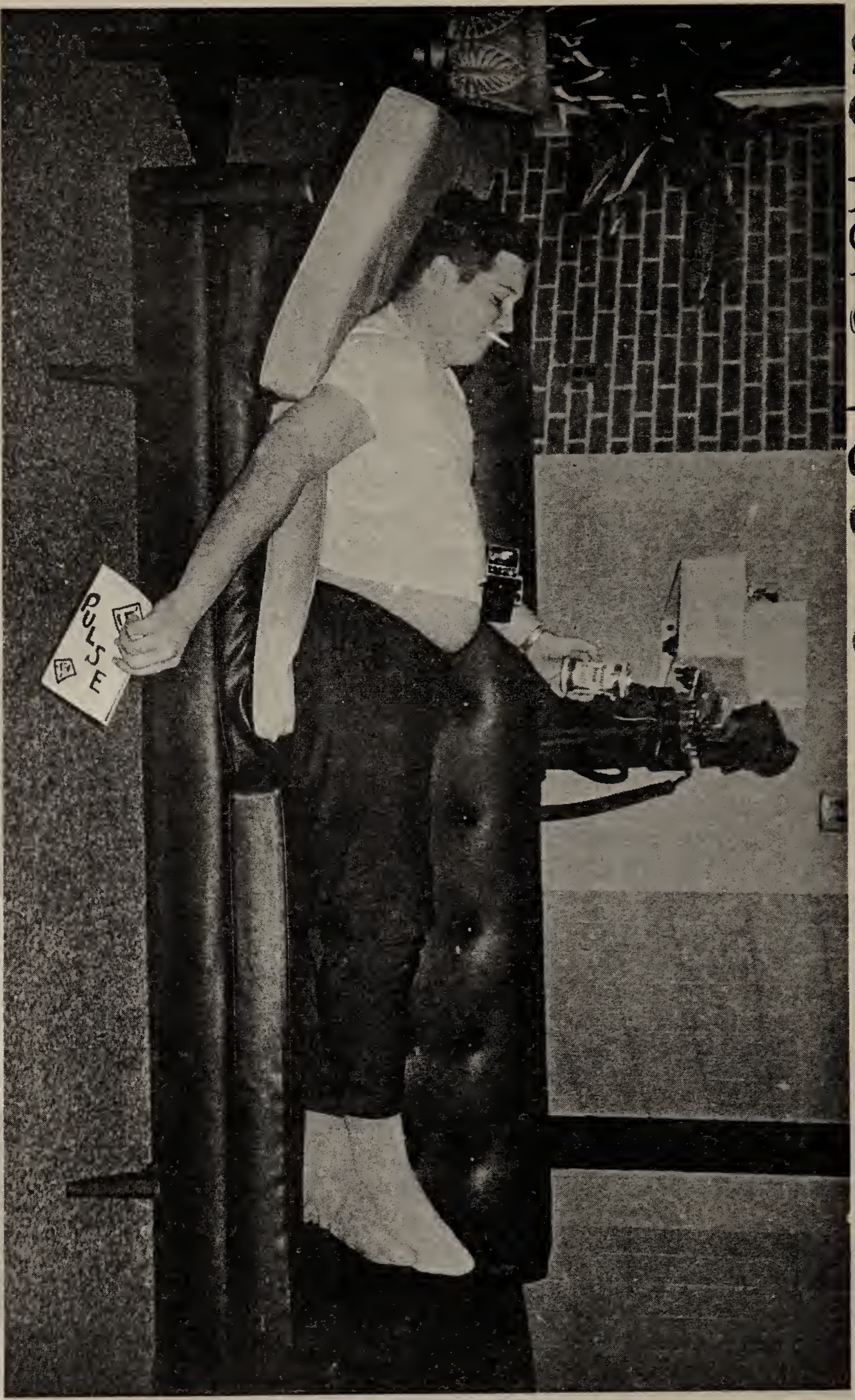
Will

Kreutzer

Patt's

GETTIG

WE HOPE YOU GET MORE OUT OF PULSE



— WRITE US: PULSE STAFF • XAVIER • STC • COLLEGEVILLE —

THAT'S ALL



B.P.'s at WORK!

PART 2: Plumbing Shop

To qualify for the plumbing gang, one must be great. That's why you find such people as Al Ebach, Steve Herniak, Brother Juan, and of course, the great "FAT" working there. The plumbing shop is very essential to the proper functioning of this College. We have a great staff of employed help that is the real body of the gang. Head man Bill Studor, expert plumber is helped by Charlie Rayburn and his brother, Bill, and a new member Larry Hays, a welder, to perform all works along the plumbing line on campus.

Brother Juan and I start to work at 8:00 in the morning and are usually sent out to fill work orders which run from digging a ditch to unplugging a toilet. These jobs are important to the future of a good plumber. After lunch the rest of the "greats" come out to work,

headed by Al Ebach, the veteran of the group. Al is experienced in making all types of repairs in plumbing and heating fixtures. This gang is responsible for repairing a steam line to Noll, Raleigh, and Halleck. In making these repairs we had to cope with many troubles, such as cave-ins and bad weather conditions. This job put us behind schedule a couple weeks, but now things are starting to look better.



We are almost caught up and are looking forward to moving our present shop in the power house to the new location at the former dairy farm, where our floor space will be doubled.

Dave (Minnesota Fats) Hagan



--as seen and reported by Mother Weber's youngest son, Paul.

--FOR RELEASE: Whenever Myrtle gets around to printing it.

SECOND FLOOR ABOVE SACRISTY REWIRED

The entire second floor above the sacristy, which houses the D.M.U. office, the barber and tailor shops, a weight lifting room, and the PULSE room, is being rewired. This news comes as a relief to most of us because the old wiring system was a potential fire hazard. The printing machine alone usually takes about nineteen amps to get it started and ten amps to keep it running. About two dozen fuses have blown in the printing of the last three issues of PULSE. The new wiring system is presently being installed by the college electricians. They assure us that "Myrtle," our printing machine, will have an outlet and fuse especially designed for her. Lighting fixtures and switches are being replaced in the whole area, excluding the tailor shop which was rewired several months ago.

BELLINI PAINTING RECOVERED

The long-lost Bellini painting has finally been returned to St. Joseph's College. It was stolen a year ago last November. From a confidential interview it has been learned that the FBI had located the painting a month after it was taken and knew who had hired the professionals to steal it. They waited to try to catch the entire gang. It seems that the old fanatic art collector hired the professionals to take the painting. A short time after they took it, the old man died. The painting was hidden in a house. The FBI staked out the house until Joseph Riso was

seen carrying the painting in a cardboard container.

The painting itself is of questionable worth. If Bellini himself painted it, it is worth from \$250,000 to \$350,000. If one of his students painted it, it may be worth only \$10,000 to \$20,000. The painting will find a home in the new library to be built in three to four years, if it has not been sold, donated, or stolen again by then.

COMMUNIST SPEAKS ON CAMPUS

An estimated 200 people heard the public relations manager of the American Communist Party, Mr. Johnson, speak in the chapel cafeteria at 8P.M. on February second. The Young Democrats Club sponsored him for the evening. In his talk, he attempted to explain away some of the fallacies which Americans hold about American Communists. He also explained the purpose of the Communist party in the United States, and why he thought that eventually Socialism, and after that Communism, would overtake America. After his talk, an hour and a half question and answer period ensued. Many questions were sharp and to the point. Unfortunately many questions were answered in vague generalities and evasively. The question and answer period ended at 11:00, and about half of the people left. The others stayed on, some as long as two o'clock in the morning, for more discussion.

NATIONAL PLAYERS PRESENT "BIRDS"

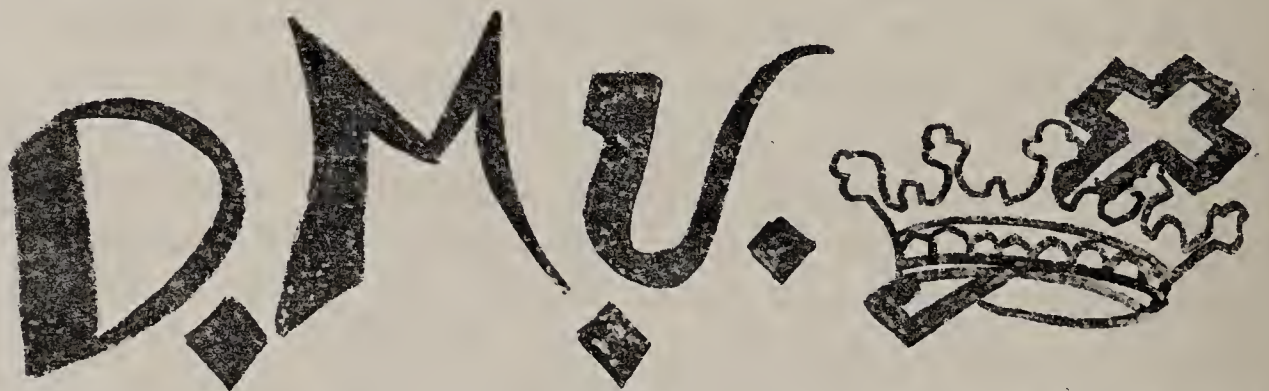
On the night of Monday, January 16, the week when semester exams began, the National Players presented Aristophanes' play called "The Birds." Aristophanes was a Greek writer, and is often called the father of western comedy. In his play, which was modernized by Walter Kerr, a drama critic from New York, two Athenians, who are fed up with society, hope to find a better life among the birds. For two hours the players succeeded in lifting the audience from reality and giving it something to laugh about.

SNOW PARALYZES COLLEGEVILLE

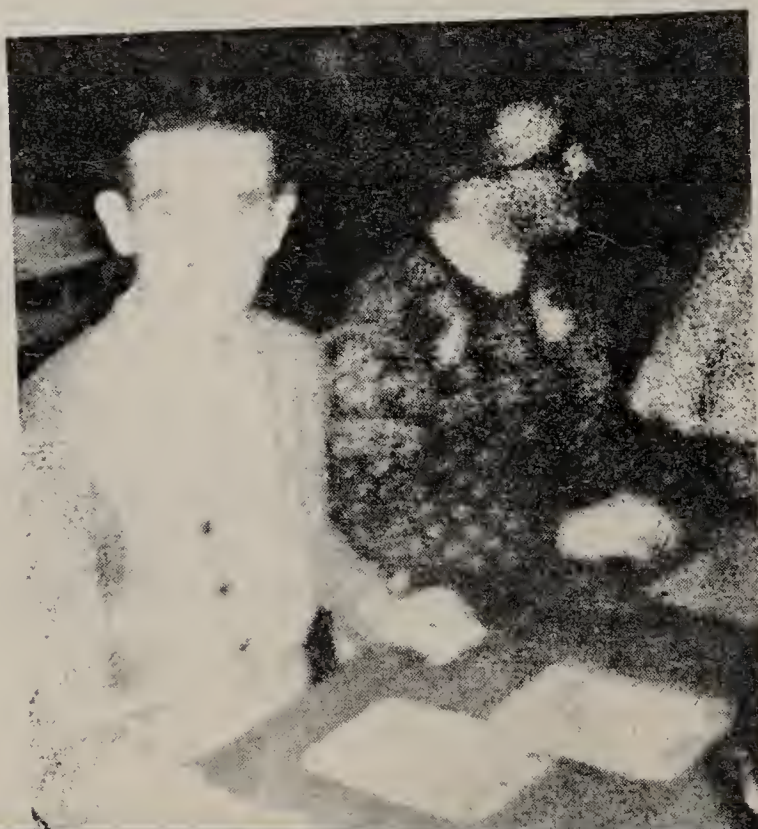
On the last full day of the religious students' retreat, Collegeville received freezing rain turning to snow. It continued all night. The next morning was cold and clear,

and the seminarians faced the frosty job of removing the snow from the sidewalks and cars. All the cars in the open parking lots had to be scraped off, started, and pushed or pulled off the snow-bound lot. About the only car on campus that never got stuck during this time was the trappers' car, a trusty '56 Chevy, called the "Bomb." Even with the help of salt, the lawn gang had a rough time clearing all the snow off the sidewalks. Especially frustrating was the chapel sidewalk near Xavier. The lawn gang cleared it in the morning, and in the afternoon it was clogged with snow again. This phenomenon was caused by snow falling off the chapel roof. The sliding snow presented a pedestrian hazard, but fortunately no one was seriously hurt from the falling snow and ice.

Paul Weber



On February 1, the annual DMU bingo was held in the chapel cafeteria. Most of the seminarians and brother postulants attended and it appeared that all enjoyed the evening. Prizes included donations from Fathers McKay, O'Dell, and Grevencamp. The cover-all prize, a cassock, was won by Asa Teegarten. The mission unit made about \$30 to send to the missions. It was a fine success and will aid the missions considerably.



As you know the idea of a stage program as a DMU project was met with rather unfavorable reaction a few months ago. I don't think that it is too late to begin some project for the DMU, though. Even a variety of smaller projects would be good. We have been getting ready to send the missions an accumulation of clothes, magazines, and other materials which have been piling up in the DMU room for some time. We are planning a clothing drive similar to one which one of the study groups conducted last year. We will soon start a stamp drive at St. Augustine's. Even though these are small contributions to the missions, they are, none the less, something. Even though we have been rather unsuccessful in undertaking a large scale project, we can still remain active in the smaller things such as I have mentioned.

We can't be satisfied with mere meetings. Action must be an integral part of the DMU. Any ideas for projects should be brought up and discussed. By action we will be showing the missionary spirit that we are striving to attain. We must help the missions materially by our activities. If the people to whom missionaries preach don't have enough to

live on, they won't care much about what these missionaries tell them,

What can we do?



Andrew O'Reilly

COON ON KING

A new sport has arisen in the Mongie nation. It is usually called "Coon Conking" by the members of the Trappers' club. Five or six trappers will jump in the "Bomb" and leave in search of their favorite prey, the raccoon.

I will now explain what happened in one thrilling episode of "Coon Conking"! As we left Mongieville at 10 PM, the Great White Hunter, Mike Smith, decided that we should first stalk our prey at the pits. So, with eyes opened and ears at attention, we entered the lane to the park. Of course, with the Hunter as our leader, we didn't see any trace of coon. Just then, Hemi-Head, alias Tim Hemm, suggested that we go to the dumps in a search-out and destroy mission.

As we entered the dump,



the Great White Hunter, was sitting on the right fender of the car with his sub-machine gun, while the Symbol of America was on the left with his genuine flint-lock rifle, with the Carthage Crusher at the wheel, our lights stopped on a pair of eyes. The 'Hunter' opened up with 25 short bursts from his, so called, "most accurate", machine gun. The coon took off running, and the Eagle fired his flint-lock. The coon fell in his tracks. What happened to the Great White Hunter? Has his sure-shot eye lost its sureness? After the battle, I interviewed the Hunter: "Who moved the sights of my gun?"

(ed. note) Truthfully, in all the adventures of "coon-conking" the trappers man-

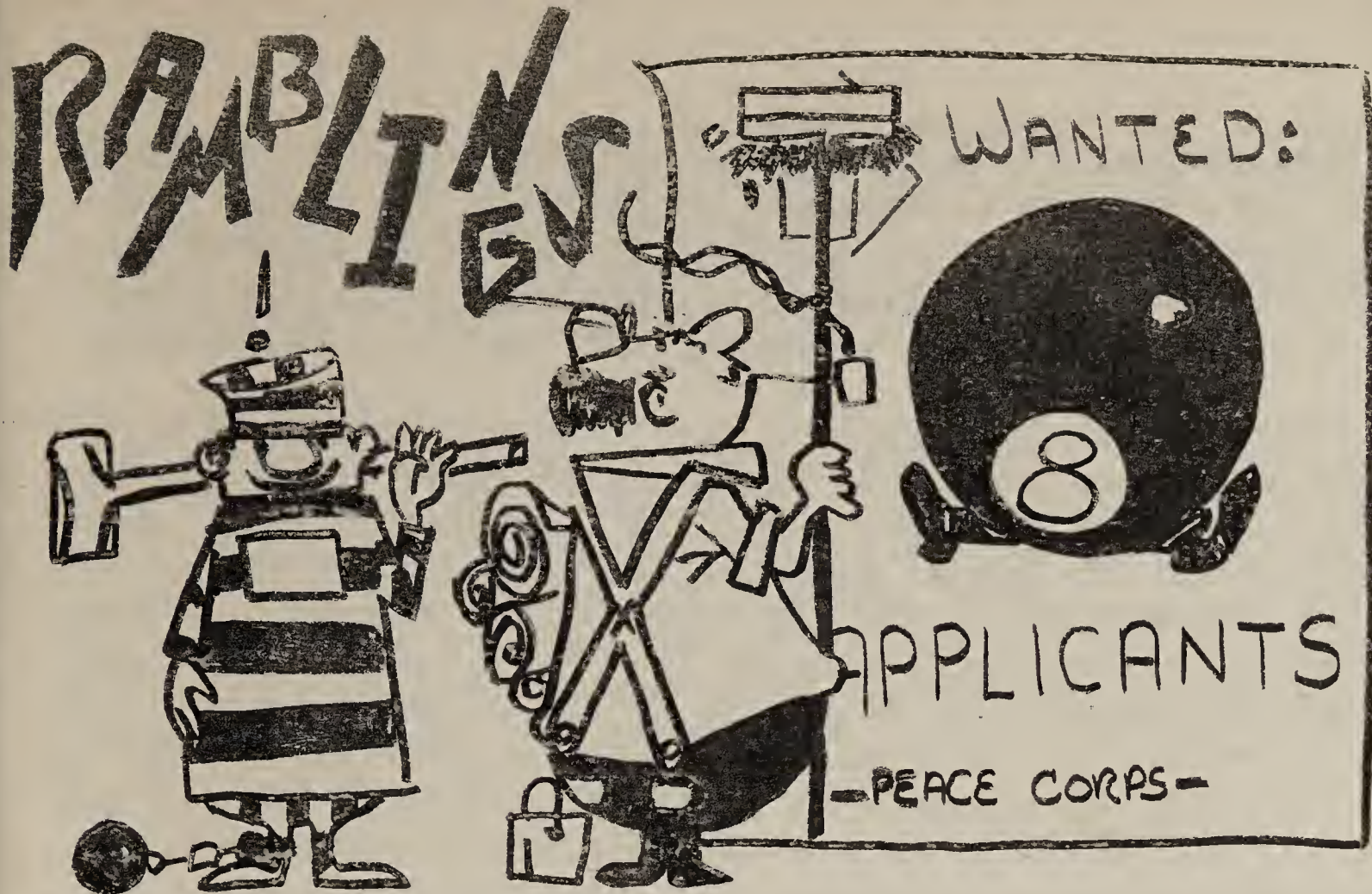
aged to find their quarry about five times, but never succeeded in bringing it down.....

Dennis Jerwers

Dear Mrs. O'Leary's Cow:

Congratulations to the arsonist who set Jim Gessler's pants on fire! Did you know that there was no one downstairs after you left it? And did you know that the fire had spread before someone arrived to put it out destroying a pair of socks, a shirt, a tee-shirt, and a pair of nice pants which had to be cut in half for shorts? Of course not, why should you? So when the awards for being the neatest guy are handed out, we'll make sure you get it!!!

PULSE staff



Some of the more intelligent readers in our wide spread audience might be minutely concerned over the references to certain people in this venerable column. My dear readers, please take into consideration the fact that one must do something extremely noteworthy to merit a position in this column and that there are just certain individuals who are constantly outstanding in the field of idiotic actions. Therefore let it be resolved in your minds that until such time as these persons refrain from meritorious activities they will continue to make freakquent appearances in this column.

PERSONAL TO OUR READERS

We have been urged by your many letters to reproach the derogatory statements issued by an immature senior brunner



dalian against PULSE in general and Ramblings in particular. Yet, we deem it entirely unnecessary to waste our precious PULSE space on a bombastic retort to such an insignificant comment. Therefore instead of a lengthy reply we will forgo that privilege and continue with our column.

"What was that terrible noise?" "Oh my grades!" These were just a couple of the exclamations heard round Xavier Hall during the semester exams. It all happened very suddenly after Fr. Kuhns' semester periculum. Precisely at 10:23 Sat. morning, Jan. 21, "Wrist-band" Ploetz and his entourage of neat guys invaded the hall with their new invention, PIPE BASKETBALL. The object of the game is to try and stuff a basketball, which has a diameter of $10\frac{1}{2}$ ", through two pipes spaced $4\frac{1}{4}$ " apart. The outcome is obvious. The vibrations sent out by this unbalanced equilibrium has deafening effects throughout the length of the pipes. But to the delight and satisfaction of our "grade-minded" Mongies, the pipes all led through Fr. McKay's room. Within minutes of the start of the game, our heroes were practicing their shots, and assorted verbal comments were being hurled through the air. One verbal hurler, Meadowlark Winter, got too excited as he crammed a Malatesta jump shot. Winter on most occasions doesn't need any mechanical device to send his voice carrying throughout the hall, but this morning, with the help of tempered steel pipes, he shattered both the dream of adding a new sport to the I.M. League, and Fr. McKay's eardrum.

Maple Bowling Lanes will hold its annual "Mencsik Day," on July 4th this year. The owner of Maple Lanes had this to say about "Mencsik Day": (with Rensselaer accent) :We all here in town are pretty proud of having such a celebrity as the national bowling champion visit our humble establishment. In my estimation the 25 autographed pictures of himself which he gave us will take over the space now reserved for the Bears." Then we interviewed Mr. Bowler himself. "John, what do you think of Mencsik Day?" "It couldn't have happened to a more talented guy!" "Well John, do you think that your bowling average may go down in the years to come?" "Impossible!!!" Then calming down a little, "I'm no amateur you know."

"Yes John I know. Now for the final question, on Xavier Hall's I.M. Bowling team. Do you think there is anyone capable of surpassing your average?"

"Yes, if you add the other four members averages together and divide by one, there is a slight possibility."

Dear Brad and Mike,

My job every morning is waking the seminarians from their 7 hour trip into dreamland. This in itself isn't a bad job, but there are always a few who refuse to co-operate. Take for example the Sleeping Beauty Twins, (L&M). Many a time I have ripped the covers back, I have shaken their beds with such violence that I thought the entire northeast corner of the upper dorm would collapse, but with no results! What can I do?

AGGRAVATED LID #3

Dear LID #3,

The installment of J.B.'s lighting system should suffice, but if these troops are experts, more drastic measures should be taken. Perhaps, one of the best methods ever used in this situation would be a fake. Now what do I mean? A quick and loud "Here comes Fr. McKay," should produce fabulous results. When this trick has been discovered there are many other methods which can be applied. If you would desire more information, please send for our new book, Biological Stimuli Which Can Be Used to Wake the Potential Mass-Dropout.

B & M

Dear Brad and Mike,

I get so terrified in the dorm anymore that it takes a long time for me to go to sleep. The reason for my uncontrollable terror is due to the fact that Mike Bornhorst repeatedly yells out the word "Mole" while he is sleeping. Normally this wouldn't bother anyone, but two years ago I saw a movie entitled The Mole That Ate A College, and now all I do at night is have nightmares. Do you think that Mr. Bornhorst saw the same movie?

MOLE ON THE MIND

Dear MOLE ON THE MIND,

You must remember that many times during the course of the day, things which have left a deep impression on our minds are pushed deep into the sub-conscious. From the tone of your letter I would say that Mr. Bornhorst has not seen the movie which you are speaking about, but if he has this is not the factor which is influencing him. I would imagine that this "mole" is seen daily, or very often during the week. Now I don't think that Mr. Bornhorst sees a mole in the literal sense of the word, but he has come to associate a mole with the object in question. So as you may see, the dynamic influence which this object has on Mr. Bornhorst is so dominating that during the course of the night his deep feelings for the "Mole" are expressed.

B & M

We wish to commend the "sick bay boys" (Pete King, Bob Vondrell and Terry Lothamer) on their tremendous ability to fight off the ill effects of the flu and rebound to be well enough to attend the college basketball game. It was indeed a courageous act for these three heroes to trudge through snow and below zero temperatures to attend the Pumas hardwood contest. A big congrats to our three fighting heroes.

I was speaking the other night with loud Henry Winter and I noticed some peculiar phrases popping up constantly in his speech. One phrase was particularly evident: ...and her son... It seemed to me that these three trivial words never quite fit into the stream of the conversation but he said them over and over as if in a dream.

We the authors deem it necessary that we be not the only ones who seem exempt from the cutting which takes place monthly in this column. So, as a result we have carefully gathered bits and pieces of wordage often used against us and the following shall serve as a brief example of the searing comments hurled against us:

"There goes the group." (Referring to Brad Uhlenhake)
"Smurd get outta the way." (Referring to Mike Smith as he stands in the back of the rec room still blocking the TV)

"Why if it isn't the prince and all his subjects."

(Brad and Mike walking down the Hall together.)

"Hey fat boy!" (referring to Bert Woolson, Scorch Glazier and Jim E-van but used against Mike and Brad commonly also)

"Hey, how are the Reds goin' to do this year?" (A blow to both rooters.)

There. Perhaps you will now see a little of the hardship which we must endure.

Just to prove that the kitchen of Saint Joseph's has more of everything, they have imported (or shall we say, been hooked with) a fixture which no other kitchen in the land can claim as its own. They have a real, live, growing "teagarden." (Asa) -----no, it's not a geometry formula!

While I still have this section of the column to myself I might as well inform our readers that Mike has recovered fully from his recent accident. I am sure you have all heard about it. Remember when "the man" fell off that moving truck and slid under the wheels? Well, as I said Mike is okay but they had to junk the truck; fat on the undercarriage.....

Brad Uhlenhake &
Mike Smith

**note
thanks of**

One day my friend and I were discussing the different articles in the recent PULSE. As we were looking over these articles, we noticed that a few of them contained "cuts" on other seminarians. We realized that it was time for a change-- a change for the better. We want to see more changes of this kind. Take for instance, the recent snow storms that we have had. Not very many of us like to shovel snow, especially during our free time, but there were a number of seminarians who did shovel snow. During our short free time at the time of retreat, we noticed that

John Jadgchew, Brad Uhlenhake, Bill Kunisch, Daryl Cabral, and Tim Hemm were out clearing the sidewalks. We also noticed Steve Sinkovich, Fred Brinkman, and Carl Hess helping Brother Larry dig out many cars stuck in the snow. But how few of us would brave the cold as Craig Cahoon and Fred Brinkman did until 1:30 AM one snowy night clearing the campus drives and walks.

How many of us are thankful for the many services which our fellow seminarians render? There is the generosity of Bert Woolson, who has enlivened the back room of the "X" by donating his stereo and radio, and of Pat McBride who has fixed the Hi-Fi in the rec-room. Thanks to Russ Groblewski and Jerry Schmidt who volunteered to keep the rec-room in order. To Tom Brown, John Jadgchew, Jim Ballmann, and Tom Nath, thanks for staying up after hours to fumigate the basement to stop the flu bug from making radical advancements.

We have also noticed a couple of Brother Postulants that deserve thanks. We should thank Ben Basile for playing the organ for Mass and Benediction. There is also one Brother Postulant, namely Ray Cypher, who is

always willing to serve early Masses for the priests.

I know that we have missed many that deserve thanks. The above mentioned were the people and places that first came to our minds. In fact, we feel that everyone in Xavier and Christopher Halls deserves a note of thanks for something that they have done for another whether they were asked to or did it on their own.

TWO SEMINARIANS LOOKING FOR A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Editor's note:

In the last issue of PULSE the name Mike Manly appeared. During the Christmas holidays I was approached by a Mike Manley at St. Charles. He informed me that we had spelled his name wrong. I expressed my apologies to him at that time, but upon checking our records I found that it was not Mike Manley to whom we were giving the honor of being in the football Hall of fame, but Mike Manly who left the hall back in ought eight. -ed.

(cont. from p.4)
missing. To Jim, Russ, and Fred keep up your outstanding job!

Brad Uhlenhake
I believe you express the sentiments of the entire PULSE Staff, Brad. Ed.

(cont. from p.5)

He was President for a short while but he was forced to resign because of poor health. He has also been the Chairman of the English Department for 20 years and the Secretary of the President's Council for 23 years.

At the present Father is teaching English and Humanities.

I think that Father Esser deserves many thanks for the many years of work he has given for the betterment of Saint Joseph's College.

Henry Winter



Mouse Patrol

The solace and quiet of retreat this year at Xavier Hall was somewhat disturbed by an invasion of strange four-legged creatures. The creatures roamed the streets of the locker rows at will, for through their great quickness and maneuverability they evaded their perpetually pursuing "predators!" Finally, fate moved its massive hand over the affair and a small part of the mystery was unveiled. One of the creatures was found dead in the sanctuary of Andy O'Reilly's locker. O'Reilly was charged with harboring an alien, but was later acquitted on the plea of insanity. An expert in the field of Rodentology was called in from Michigan City

to examine the remains of the dead creature and after hours of experimentation and consultation, it was found that the rodent was biologically classified in the mouse family. This discovery provided a vast amount of information for suppressing the invasion. Jim Olszewski dictatorially appointed himself general, and decided that cheese and traps would be the most effective weapons for defense. His reasoning seemed faulty, for only one mouse was killed in action, and the others were continuing their march of destruction. The tide, however, soon began to turn. Doug Borgert captured and killed one of the culprits who was ravaging his locker.

Shortly after this event, history took its course. Moral decay once again marked the end of a powerful dynasty. During their ravagings the mice found a "Three Musketeer" (not mouskateer) candy bar at the top of

"Vicky the Mouse" ; Rettig's locker. Subsequently, the rodents became addicted and as they made their "trips" back, they were easy prey for their "predators!" Thus "the invasion" was finally squelched.

Mike Tierney



WRESTLING

Wrestling is well on its way. The entry list was posted and at first there were many hesitant signees. Not too many knew the art of wrestling, so they figured they may not have a chance. There were twelve entries and out of these there were five winners. After the first contest everybody seems to have a little more of an idea what is going on. Out of the five wins there were three pins. Ebach, Field, and Lothamer pinned their foes in two rounds or less. Brown seemed a little pessimistic about the whole affair, but going into the second round he saw that there might be a chance, and there was. He did not get his man pinned but he outscored him. Sowar lost his match on the mat but later discovered that his opponent was ineligible, and thus won. Other wrestling members who put up a very good effort are: Geier, Malatesta, Ballmann, Bornhorst, Winter, Kaminsky, and Hagan. Ballmann and Kaminsky have their first match at a later date. Unfortunately they wrestle each other and one of them will have to be elimin-

ated. But since it is double elimination, everybody has a chance to get back to that first place spot.

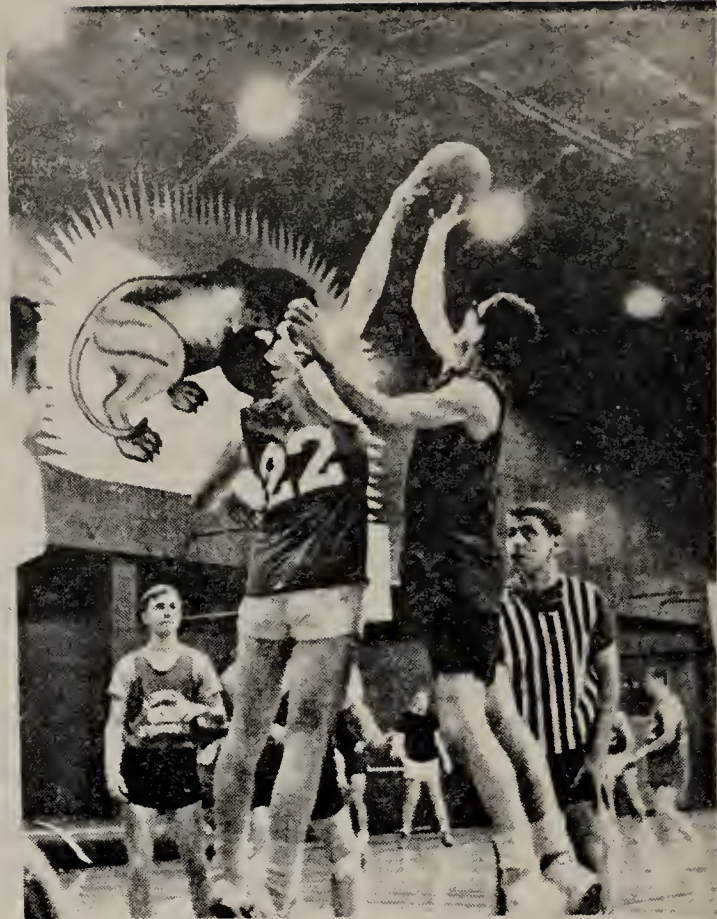
I wish all the luck and health to all the members of the wrestling team.

Not too long ago we all remember a fight that thousands of people either watched in person at the Astrodome, on closed circuit TV, or listened to on the radio. Yes, you guessed right, it was the Clay(Muhammed Ali)-Terrell fight. Yes, that was the big fight, but it will never compare to the fight scheduled April 1, 1967 at Xavier Hall. This fight is so special that it will not be broadcasted in any way, shape or form. It is closed to the public. Only members of Xavier Hall are permitted at this most unusual fight. At 6'1", 180 pounds of skin and bone(he says he weighs 180) we have Mike Tierney from Columbus, Ohio. His opponent is none other than 5'9", 170 pounds, from the great city and state of Bismarck, North Dakota, Aloys Ebach, better known as "Pius", among other unusual names. This will be the fight of the century. Ebach's trainer is the well-known Craig Cahoon, better known as "Carp". Tierney seems to think that he does not need a trainer. James Field and James Olszewski are the equipment managers. There will be many more famous men involved as the contract is drawn up, which will be mentioned in later issues. Some odds have been floating around and some of them are difficult to imagine. Order your issue of PULSE now to get all the follow-up of the April 1 fight. May the best man win. I definitely said the wrong thing in that last sentence.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season is coming to an end and the tournaments are approaching. Both teams, The Mongies and Diggers have winning records. Schmelzer led the Mongies to many victories. After losing the first game it looked like the Mongies would have a bad season. They lost the first game by about ten points but came back to win the rest of the games by considerable margins. Schmelzer and Bornhorst pour in the necessary points. Langenkamp aids with his many assists. Kuhlman controls the boards with numerous rebounds. The record of the Mongies now stands with five wins and one loss (5-1).

The Diggers' record is not as good as the Mongies' but



they have had some bad breaks. They won the first game by a tremendous margin but lost the second game by two points. They had to forfeit the third game on account of Christmas vacation. It was scheduled on the evening that all the Mongies were supposed to be back, and unfortunately most of the team members arrived after the game. The rest of the games were forfeited to the Diggers. Olszewski, King, and Vondrell have supplied the team with most of the points. O'Neil and Vondrell pull down many rebounds. The record of the "Diggers" (Where did they pick up this name?) stands at 3 and 2.

BOWLING

The hall keggers are starting to move to that top spot. They started by losing the first three games, but captain John Mencsik, rolling an average of 168, showed all the fine rookies a tip or two. Many of them were unaccustomed to the lanes, but it seems that all of them have found their favorite spots. Veteran John Mencsik, however, seems to be well accustomed to these lanes. He has high games of 213, and 210. He also leads in two game series with 396. These are the kind of points the team likes to see. The other members are doing fairly well, too. Cabral is rolling an average of 140, Hofstetter with 137. Groblewski

with 134, Smith with 130 and Field with 125. The team stands in 3rd place with $11\frac{1}{2}$ wins and $6\frac{1}{2}$ losses.

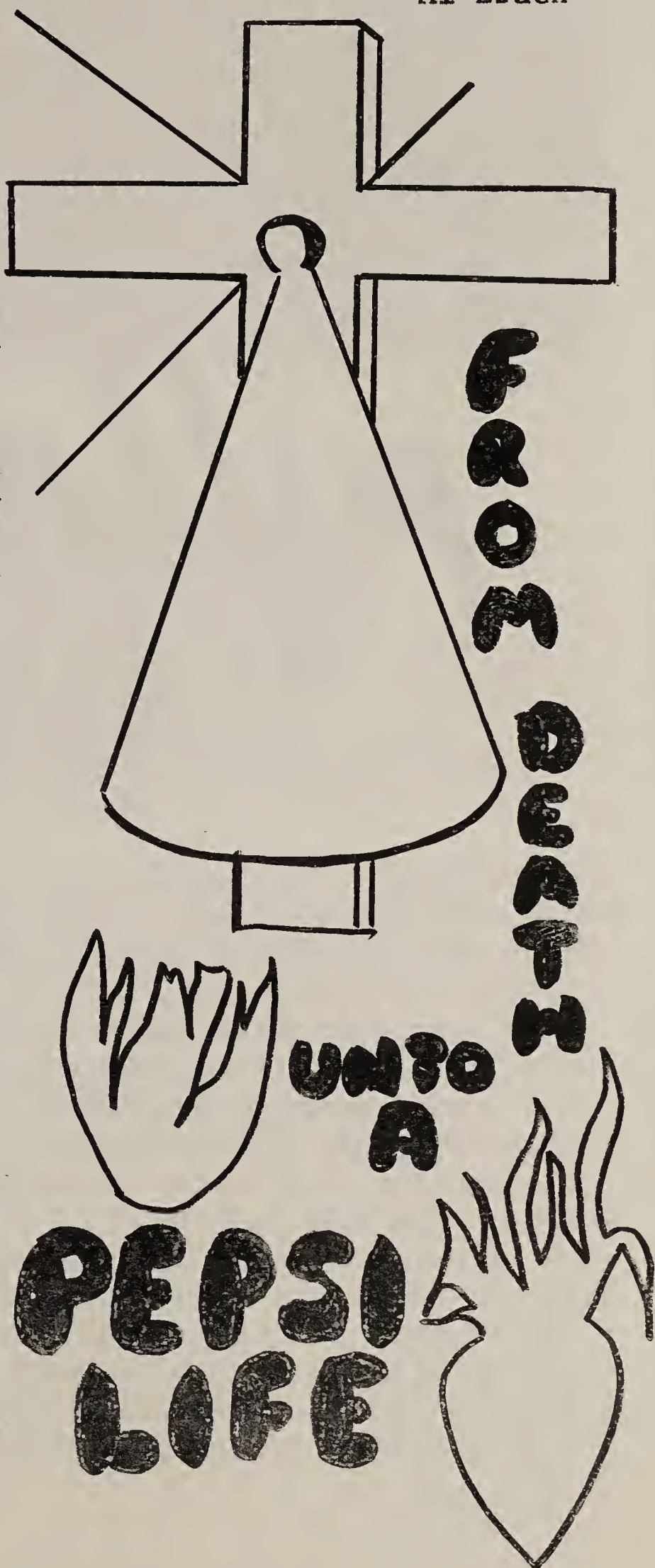
Good luck to the team through the rest of the league games and tournaments.

Al Ebach

Lent

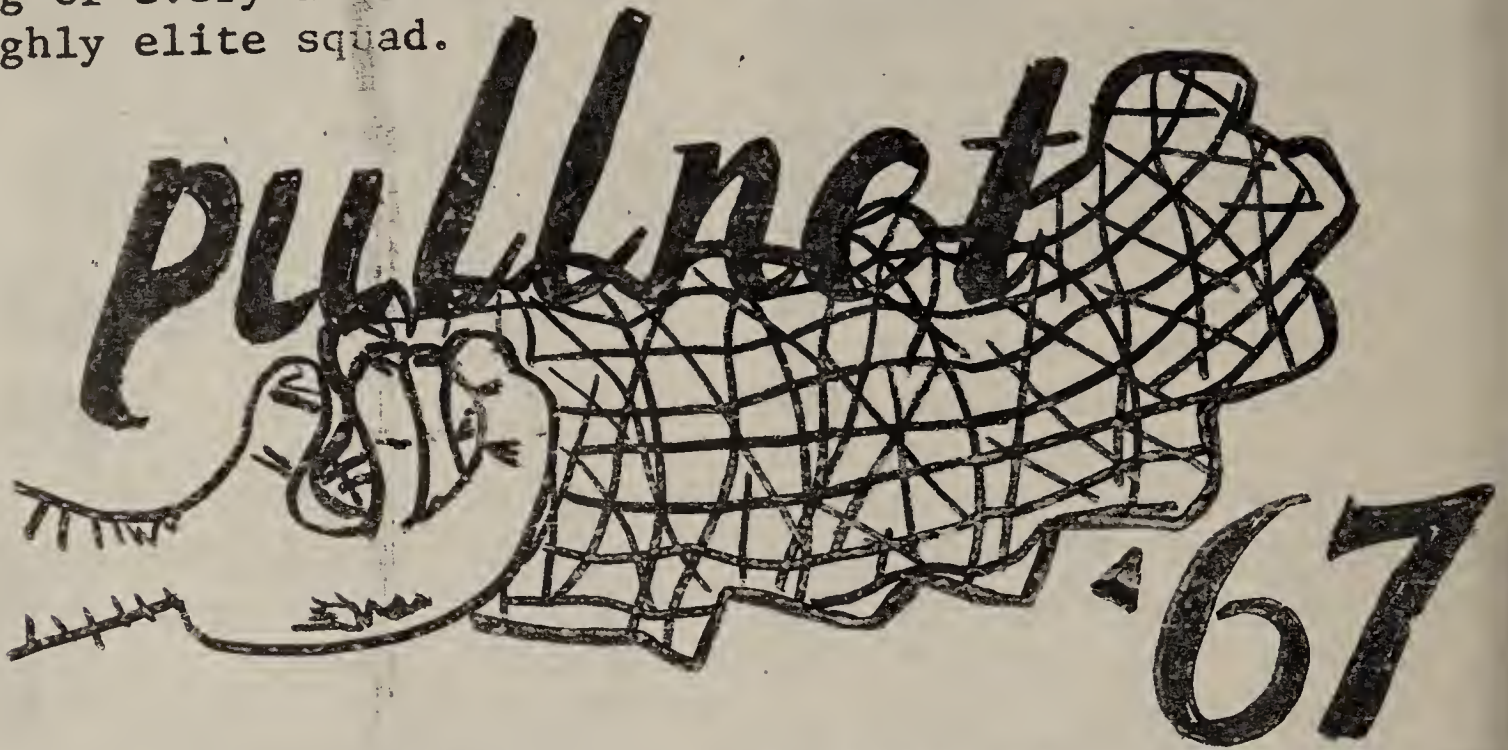
The date was the fifth of February, 1967—just three days before the beginning of Lent. At this time a question should be asked as to why this date was so special. The answer is that many of the seminarians in Xavier Hall were asking themselves what would be an appropriate sacrifice for them to perform for Lent. In order for them to decide this they had to establish their thoughts as to the purpose of Lent. Well, as one might guess, many of them thought that it was a time of preparation, a time to prepare themselves spiritually for the resurrection of Christ. They decided that it was a time for sacrificing in order to illustrate their love of Christ, as Christ showed his love for them. From this point the seminarians proceeded, each to make his own resolution. The question that each one of us should ask right now is — what am I doing for Lent.

John Hoying



FEATURE STORY

In the musty annals of Xavier Hall never had there been such an atrocious crime. Many foul and dastardly acts had been committed by and against the inhabitants of Saint Joseph's religious hall but none required the intense and dedicated aid of the pullnet squad. Unfortunately, an event took place this past week which dictated the mustering of every available law enforcement officer on the highly elite squad.



The night had brought an unwelcome present to the new day. Topping the snow filled earth with a spread of runny rain it had, with the excellence of a professional chef, frozen the liquid to a slick slippery icy finish. The dipping portions of Xavier's cloister represented sections of a roller derby track. The wind slid through the wide walkway walls sweeping up billows of black cassock smoke. Shattering the quiet of the early morning the tower bells announced to the freezing Mongies that they were once again late for chapel.

Having succeeded fully in awakening themselves by 7:00 the hungry Mongies descended upon the apronned line. The gate having been flung open by the checkout personage the troops sped on to the orange juice, hot cereal, bacon and eggs and rolls. Settling themselves in the sheltered dining room they prepared to partake of the days most enjoyable meal.



Then as sure as the "X" has cockroaches - it was discovered. There was no coffee! Panic swept through the ranks of those students with 8 o'clocks, A cold sweat broke out on the faces of those with 9 o'clocks, Shaking enveloped those 10 o'clockers, In an almost frightening silence the 11 o'clockers daintily munched on their sweet rolls. Men were sent scurrying in search of the black liquid. After a quick and efficient search they were faced with the cold facts. Nowhere, not in the kitchen, the seccie dining room nor the priests refectory was there a drop of coffee.

Silently the mongies ate their food and drank their milk knowing full well the tremendous burden which had been placed upon their shoulders. No one could ask more, Without coffee their only hope of staying awake through the morning classes rested on that life giving fluid - milk. Would it be sufficient? Could the men fight fatigue and remain awake? The answers would turn up at noon.

The 11:50 bell brazenly sounded and 68 droopy eyed seminarians stumbled out of classes in the ad building and the science building. Groping their way back to the hall they were urged on by troop director Fr. McKay, He knew it. In all his years as Xavier director it fortunately had never occurred until now, This day he knew he would have to open the envelope and put into operation; Plan Pullnet,

He summoned into his office the man he considered best for such a job - Vic "Alfreido" Rettig. In a very private ceremony witnessed only by Father O'Dell, Rettig was made Xavier's Sergeant Friday. After being duly sworn in, Vic chose as his assistant Ed Habrowski.

Author's Note:

The rest of this story is taken directly from the files of the Pullnet Squad. Names have been left the same to add humor to the story.



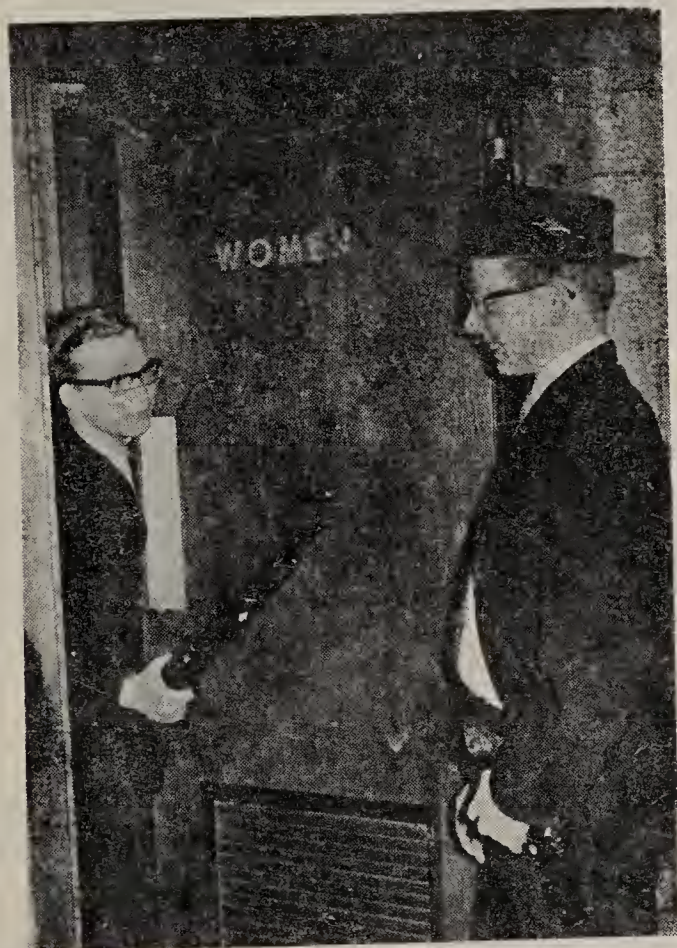
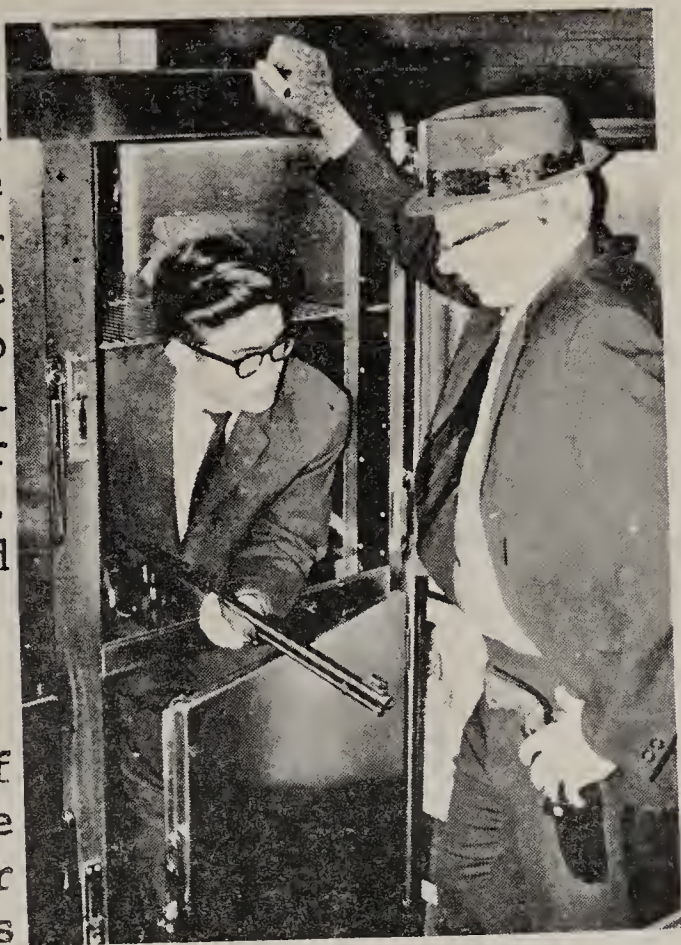
My name's Rettig. I'm a cop. Xavier is my beat. After being sworn in at 1:17 P.M. I and Officer Habrowski rounded up a team of dependable men to crack down on this baffling case. At 1:41 I opened the Xavier Police Manual to page 47k and administered the Pullnet oath to my seven chosen agents. We then took car 22 (the Golden Goose) and drove to Pullnet Headquarters high atop the lawn gang shop. My room - commonly and lovingly called 'the ash-pit' - was in the process of being cleaned so we moved to Hentchel's Haven. There we began to formulate our plan. At 4:29 P.M. (exactly two hours and forty-eight minutes later) this is what we had decided.

Obviously, since none of the kitchen staff had previous criminal records with any police department in Jasper county they were clean. That meant that it was NOT an inside job. Therefore, we concluded that it must have been an outside job. We came to this conclusion since there is no such thing as a middle job. Seeing that it was an outside job, I decided that we would have to work on the inside. I figured that by staking out men in the chapel cafeteria overnight we would undoubtedly catch the java thief.

At exactly 8:53 P.M. the Pullnet team invaded the college cafeteria. Sgt. Rettig told his men, "Men, we are gathered here tonight to pay tribute to ah...ah wellI mean....ah....I never were too good at speaking... let's just go out there and win one for the gipper!"

Author's Note;

A strong controversy raged over the question of true quotes concerning the above speech but the editor has decided to print it as is.



The file continues... I placed my men in the most hideous (I think that means "best for hiding") places imaginable. The kitchen crew had strategically placed the coffee urns in the usual places. My men were covering every approach and exit. The lights were turned off, and in the silent and dark refectory we waited. At 11:32 a figure entered the cafeteria. Down past the conveyor belt and over to the coffee percolators the figure crept. Habrowski flipped on the light and the rest of the squad charged the figure, Knocking it to the ground, we covered it with a hall

garbage bag. Upon closer examination it was discovered that in fact we had succeeded in capturing the night watch man. After hasty apologies had been made we went back to our places intent upon the capture of the true villain.



Things having fully settled down after the unpleasant incident, I thought I heard a strange noise. It sounded vaguely like incessant munching and slobbering. The time was 2:57 A.M. and I couldn't stand it any longer. I yelled for the lights to be flipped on and leaping over a dollie I bounded to the rear of the cafeteria. There in the Mongie dining room to my great surprise sat Andy Padich "Mr. Nerves '61, '62, '63, '64, '65, '66, '67". He was carelessly stuffing one of 160 pieces of toast into his mouth. Flabbergasted, I viewed the scene. There he was surrounded by seven coffee cups all of which were busy heating (like baby bunson burners) more than twenty slices of toast a-piece.

Luckily for us Padich offered absolutely no resistance. Willingly he went with us to the jail (the house that Sud built). His trial was set for the next day.



The time: 9:00 A.M.

The place: Xavier courtroom

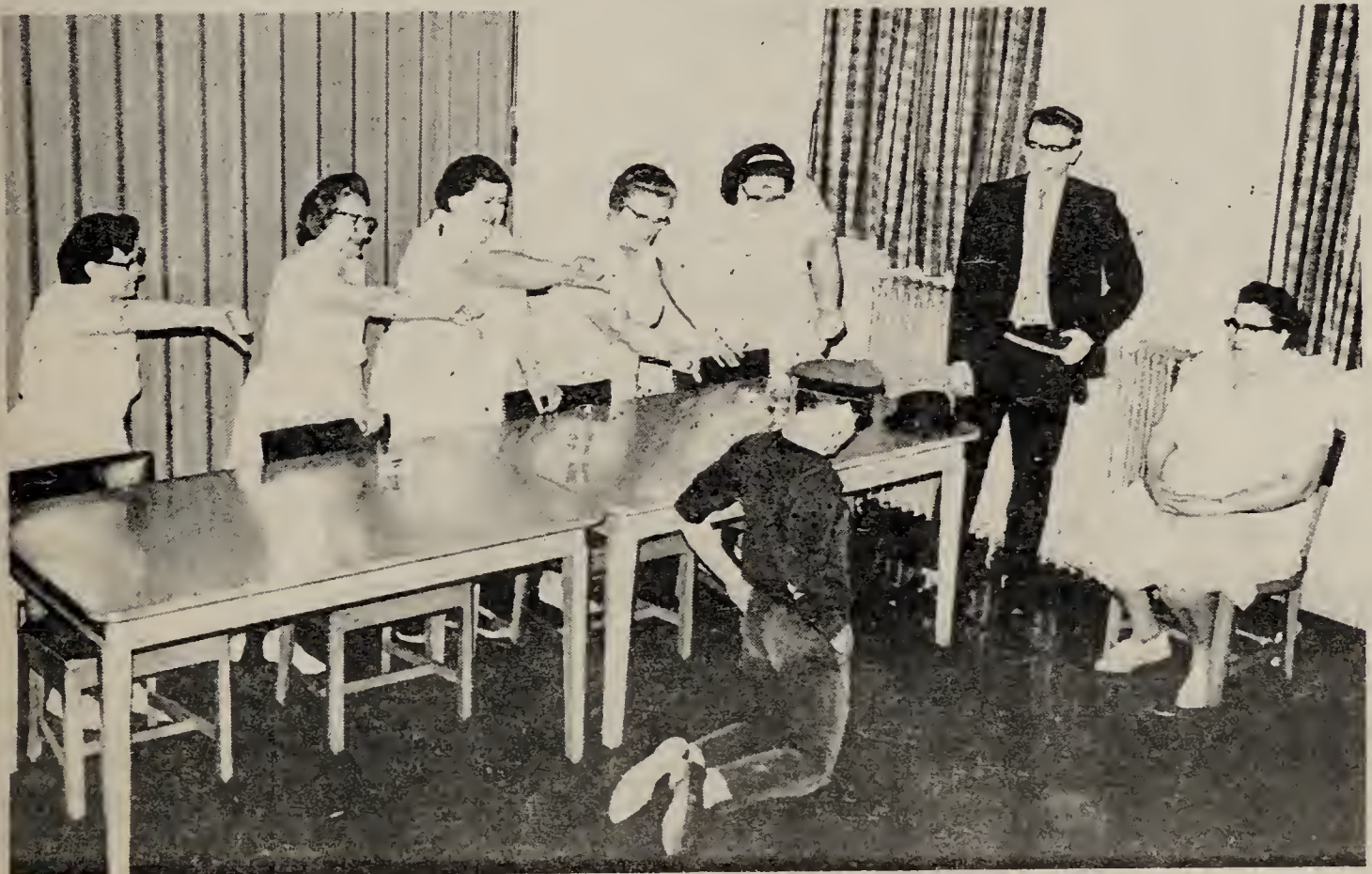
The scene: The trial of Robert Andrew Padich

The charge: Coffee consumption (a section 38)

The jury: The ladies of the kitchen

Author's Note: Due to a flash fire in the office of Jim Gessler, The Pullnet Records Keeper, the testimony has been lost. All that remains is the following:

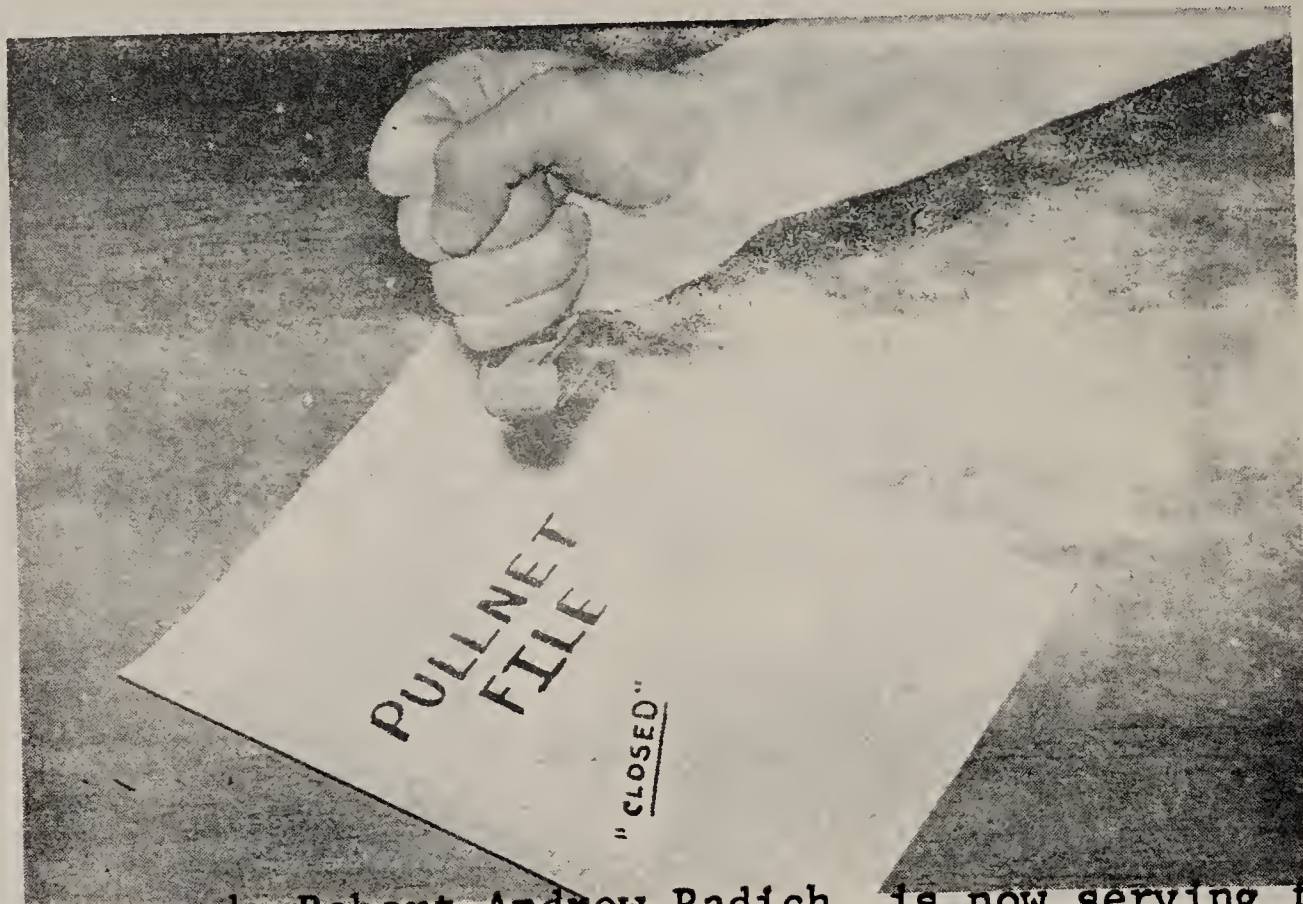
At 9:35 Padich was called to the stand. The jury had returned from deliberation in a record time of 21 seconds. The judge addressed the jury, "Ladies of the jury, have you reached a decision concerning the charge levelled at Robert Andrew Padich? What is it?"



In unison the jury replied that they had found the defendant R.A. Padich guilty as charged but that they recommended leniency in this case.

Setting down her gritty gravel her Judgeship declared, "You know of course that I am only a replacement for the usual judge. I have in my hands the sentence which she would give you. Let me read it to you. 'Vel sonny, I tink that I vill sentence you to tree weeks of hard labor in the janitorial. Report to Mr. Vilkerson at once!!'"

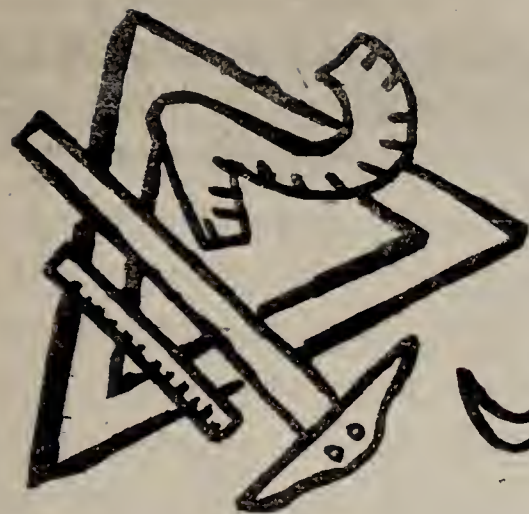
Thus ends the Pullnet "Coffee Case - Java 14. Do not dear readers, judge this to be a harsh punishment. Recall if you will the tremendous debts of such an atrocious crime. Take into consideration all the classes which suffered from lack of morning coffee.



The accused, Robert Andrew Padich, is now serving three weeks in the college janitorial for his crime.

dum de dum.....dum de dum de dum.....

Brad Uhlenhake



fits & forms

THE FITS

...We're nothing but a bunch of phonies.....hypocrites! The greatest prayer says, "Our Father, who art in heaven, HALLOWED BE THY NAME,..." For anyone to use God's name in any kind of a degrading manner is wrong. You know this...and I know this... and yet, how often do we hear others and occasionally ourselves using IT degradingly? How often do we even try to check ourselves? Our gospel man is God, and yet..... we continually degrade God by irreverently using his name. And as seminarians and "potential priests, we still continue this act...phonies..... hypocrites...(my sincerest apologies to you who are innocently affected).

THE FORMS

...The word "form" in philosophical terms is taken to be the "essence" or "ideal" of a thing, an example of a thing. An example of this is the essence of a safe hit in baseball, which would be a home run.

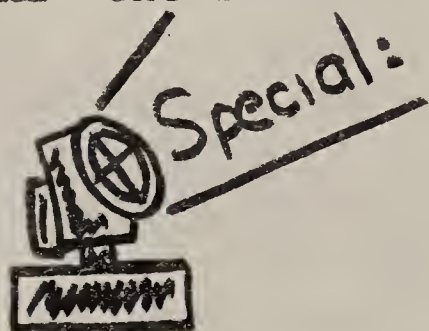
In this issue of the PULSE, I am trying to explain an ideal which I have noticed here in the hall. The form which I have noticed is that of an ideal of a seminarian here at Xavier. Of course the thought of perfection is not implied here, but rather the thought of the best example which we have.

I have chosen two "forms" from this hall; one from the 5th year class (freshmen) and the other from the 6th year class (sophomore).

*** IN THE SPOTLIGHT ***

The latter is none other than Aloys Ebach, the so-called *primus* (oldest) of the class. Al, as he is most frequently addressed, typifies a personality par-excellance. At Brunnerdale, Al was class president and president of the Student Council. Since coming to Xavier his responsibilities have shifted to athletics as I.M. (Intra Mural) commissioner. I'm sure all will attest to his magnificent athletic ability. He plays all sports with the greatest skill, competitiveness and most especially, he conducts himself in the best sportsmanlike manner. But Al is more than a popular guy and a sports hero. He is also a man of integrity. In June, 1974, our class will be ordained and I certainly hope Aloys Ebach is there, in the front of the line, pledging his life to God. Al...in this issue of PULSE, I and the rest of the PULSE staff salute you!

The spotlight shines also on another Xavierite. Terry Lothamer is the 5th year I have chosen. He, like Al was also class president and president of the Student Council. He also is a very fine versatile athlete. But more important, Terry is a gentleman. Although shy and quiet in the presence of those with whom he is not well-acquainted, he is in the words of his classmates, "an outspoken individual whose concern is for the good of others rather than himself." In June 1975, we hope Terry will ascend those steps of the priesthood with these same outstanding qualities. I and the rest of the PULSE staff salute you also, Terry.



(P.S. the O in FOS is long.)

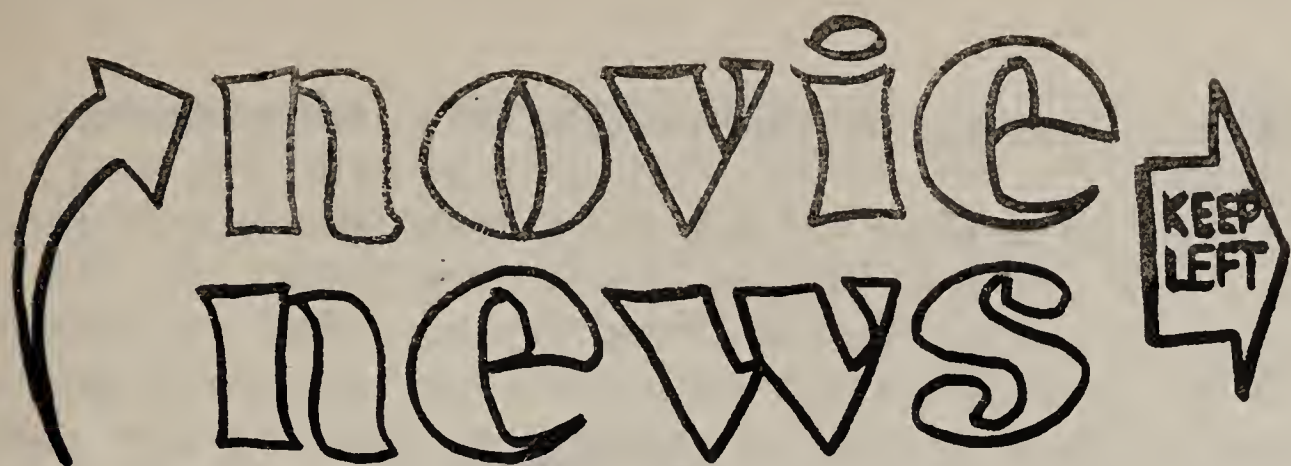
T. Fossum

But Mommy, I don't want to go to England.

Shut up and keep swimming!

NO PORTION OF THIS PAPER MAY BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT THE PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR.

movie news



Since the furor stirred up by Vatican II, Church Authorities have been taking a long, hard look at the training given our young men in Catholic seminaries. Hardly the least questioned among these training programs has been the year of novitiate.

The novitiate year is one peculiar to religious communities, a year of special direction and training, directly preceeding profession into the religious family. How, then, does one go about describing what the novitiate training is like? Well, it's pretty much the same as that given in other community houses, except that it is a good deal more intense. The spiritual life is, of course, emphasized, but not to the exclusion of the development of the whole man.

But really, when trying to "describe" the novitiate (a task which, by the way, is quite difficult to do to someone who has not gone through it), one must always keep in mind the fact that the concept of the novitiate is in a period of flux. Not too many years ago, the year of novitiate was truly a silent one. The novices were not permitted to leave the novitiate grounds except in the case of an emergency; all secular books and magazines were banned; in general, the novices were shut off as completely as possible from what was going on in the world. This idea, as one might readily imagine, has changed considerably in recent years. Realizing that isolation was not only difficult, but not altogether desirable, the superiors made adjustments in the novitiate life. Slowly, but quite surely, the novitiate evolved into a year of intense spiritual training, deeply integrated with what is happening in the world today. Many changes have occurred, but, probably the most beneficial one was the project of apostolic work, begun in earnest at our novitiate this year. Now the spiritual training received in the novitiate can be integrated and put into practice with real life situations. Arguments still continue as to whether the novitiate in the present state is practical or not, too long, or too isolated. But the facts remain that out of all this

discussion, serious re-evaluations and improvements have been made.

If asked to sum up in one word what the novitiate is, probably the closest anyone could come would be the word community. A phrase heard often during the novitiate is "spirit of the novitiate". Despite its many side meanings, the core of that phrase is community. That is the purpose for which the novitiate exists -- to prepare young men for entrance into our religious community. Novices are saturated with the idea of community life, its goals, and its demands, and they are given a chance at a practical application of what community means by living with the same group of men for one year. It is often beneficial for something quite unexpected to happen, to make everyone realize how close community life can become. That something did happen this year with the death of our rector, Fr. Max Herber. Everyone felt a deep sense of loss when "one of the family" was suddenly taken away.

Even though some seminarians may think that they have been thoroughly exposed to community life during their high school and college seminary days, the novitiate is the time when this type of life really becomes known. This idea of community must become part of the novice if he is to find real fulfillment as a religious and, later on, as a priest. For this concept of community can never become so narrow as to include only those with whom the novice comes into daily contact, but must also include the whole society, Church, as, as much as possible, every man alive. The community concept can never grow too strong and, unless a religious develop it, he will find his days as a religious not only unhappy, but also fruitless.

The schedule is designed to fit in as perfectly as possible with the training given at the novitiate. The novices take courses which are directed toward the development of a strong spiritual and community life. More time than ever before is given to recollection, looking inside, finding what's really there, and proceeding to improve and develop whatever is needed. As novices in our society quickly find out, the novitiate is quite a drastic change from college life. Without the hustle and bustle of college studies and activities, the novice has more time to discover his goals and potentialities in life. The novitiate cannot, however, be adequately described through the schedule, types of courses, etc. These all are part of an integral whole which aims at something much more profound

In summary then, the novitiate year can be a great one, or can be the most wasted year spent in religious life. The fruitfulness of the novitiate year must come from within the novice himself. It is not a year to be feared. It should be entered upon with an open and serious mind, and should be given a good deal of thought before entrance. By giving the novitiate a fair chance, the sincere religious can readily see why so many seminarians and priests mark it as one of the best years of their lives.

retreat

A very tall tree

stands next to Xavier Hall.

In the Summer, birds make their nests
upon its branches.

In the Fall, leaves float to the ground
and provide nourishment for young roots.

But in that month which ends the Fall,
a strange thing takes place.

Some of the branches
on Xavier's tree
sicken.

These diseased branches
point themselves at the ground.

Thus they grow.

When the diseased branches
reach the ground,
they turn it under.

Branches entangle roots.

Sick indeed is the tree
whose branches grow into the ground,
and choke their own roots

But that is not all.

As Winter makes it debut,
the poison in the diseased branches
permeates throughout the entire tree.

More and more branches
begin to show that sickness.
Thus the disease of a few branches
threatens the existence of many.
Xavier's tree is a sorry sight
indeed.
Some branches grow into the ground,
others begin to show that sickness,
and even the winter freeze
cannot stop this growth.

January 24.

A mettalic blue object
crawls along the ground.
Not the ground - a road.
Not crawl - speed.
Object - car.
Driver -
Rev. George Blasik, C.PP.S.,
sent to heal
the branches
on Xavier's tree.

Looking at the tree,
he sees what must be done.
He must heal
the branches
which are diseased,
so that
the tree
may grow
as a thriving
community.

January 28.

A Mettalic blue object
crawls along the ground.
Not the ground - a road.
Not crawl - speed.
Object - car.
Driver -
Rev. George Blasick, C.PP.S.,

sent to heal
the branches
on Xavier's tree.
Has done all he can.

All is silent.

From the shadows of Xavier's tree
emerges a young man -
a man whose head is turned
towards the ground.
In his left hand he carries a knife -
his only weapon -
which glistens in the sun.
He wears no shoes;
his feet are bruised and bloody.

His face
is that
of one
who hides
a terrible problem;
it is a
prayerful
face.

The man begins to run;
trips over the diseased branches
of Xavier's tree.
He starts laughing.
First, very softly, and almost like a moan,
The laugh increases in volume,
but not laughing -
Shouting,
Pouting,
Screaming,
Dreaming,

THEN -
Then, shouting in short outbursts,
hesitating,
He begins to laugh, cry, shout, wail and scream
like a madman.
He crawls up to a branch, and,
using his only weapon,
slashes it with all his might.
He cuts it into little pieces,
puts some of them into his mouth,

chews them,
 and spits them out.
 Frantically, he fumbles
 for leaves, twigs, stones, anything -
 he puts them into his mouth
 and spits them out again.
 Not knowing what to do,
 afraid because he does not know,
 He wheels around,
 slashing with the knife.
 Suddenly,
 he is shaken violently
 from head to toe.
 He becomes rigid;
 his face
 loses
 its worried look
 as he looks at the knife,
 and finds that he has surrendered it
 to a great and mighty tree -
 a healthy tree -
 Xavier's tree.

Fred Hofstetter

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